VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A

COMI-TRAGEDY.

PASSAGES

SELECTED

BY DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES,

ON THE

GREAT LITERARY TRIAL

OF

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A Comi-Tragedy.

" WHETHER IT BE—OR BE NOT FROM THE IMMORTAL PEN OF SHAKSPEARE?"

VOLUME III.

FOURTH EDITION.

——" Open me a huge Wardrobe aboundinge in motlie habittes, and marke " howe fantaſticallie poore mortals will arraie themſelves!"

VORT. and ROW

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IRELAND, *verſus* SHAKESPEARE!!!

By the COURT.

IT having in our ſapiency been diſcovered, through the courſe of the preſent important CAUSE, that *more* evidence may ſometimes be given, where *much* has already been received—

It is ordered, for the furtherance of ſtrict poetical juſtice in ſaid Cauſe, that no ſolemn ADJUDICATION be made therein, until final default of teſtimony extractive, be made appear by due proclamation, through our truſty, and well beloved, FILAZER, the EDITOR of thoſe Diurnal Records, ycleped the MORNING HERALD!

(Signed) POLONIUS

Die Martis 11°, 1798.

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PASSAGES.

SELECTED AS SUFFRAGES ON THE

FIFTIETH DAY's TRIAL.

CCIV.—Lord K—n—d.

—— "I telle thee, *Urvin*, he is a *Lorde*, and "that a keene one!—Why, man, he was once more poore, "than nowe he's proude, untill jogging up on foote "from t'other ſide the *Tweede*, he did contrive to repoſe "his *Scottiſhe* crownette on the riche toilette of a *Monie-* "*lender*'s daughter!—thence tooke his honoures a more "ſtatelie polliſhe, being ſette in *golde!*—Nowe he hathe "nightlie divinations of *Jeweiſh* aggrandizements, and "will dreame you of nought but *lotteries*, and *loanes*;— "nay, and a wiſer man had not prevented it, he would "have turned his eldeſt born into a *Blew-coate Boy*, to "have a hand hereditarie in everie *wheele of fortune!*"

Page 6.—Genuine.

CCV.—Miss O—LL.

——— " Heaven befriende us, ſiſter *Blanche!* and, " in its nexte ſhower of ſweete huſbandes, ſend us a ' comelie couple!—Marry, but we can accommodate " our lordlie maſters more ways than one, or elſe be- " ſhame our breeding up!—If they allowe us not to *combe* " their conjugal heades, we can, at leaſt, *carrie* their " palfries, and ride them ſaddle-leſs to water; ſo that, " when we are found uſeleſs as *Groomes o' the chamber*, " we may be convertible into thoſe of the *ſtable!*—Nay, " and the worſt do befall us, we can lay aſide our *tomboye* " trickes, and comport ourſelves like reaſonable women, " *ſans* further *ogle*-ing!"

PAGE 25.—GENUINE.

CCVI.—Ald——n P—ck—t.

—— " When they did expunge thoſe emptie heades
" from off the frontlet of our Citie's gate, mine own was
" ſette thereon, and did moſt wittinglie deviſe, how to
" diſmantle our *Temple's barre* to publique inter-curſion.
" To builde a goode right civique fame, one muſt be
" conſtrained to pull you down the ſtouter workes of aun-
" tient men!—and the minde, my maſters, muſt be kept
" in concuſſion alſo, or the braine of an ordinarie citizen
" would curdle over, like greene ducke's-weede upon
" a gardenne ponde!"

Page 1.—Genuine.

CCVII.—LADY D—RH—ST.

—" When firſt the ſightleſs youthe by me was viewed,
" I ſigh'd, and hoped, in any lowlie ſhape,
" That I might guide his ſlowe be-darken'd way!
" Vain worldlie objects thus ſhut out—ſave one—
" This, on his minde's keene eye did always hang
" Like a night-gendered *miſte*, which dothe eclipſe
" All Nature's fairer proſpects wide around!
" My harte did proudlie gain its earlie wiſh!—
" With me, the ſolace nowe of all his wrongs,
" Love's cruſe of *oyle** ſhall never run to waſte,
" Although it be no longer *pitcher'd* * up:
" For I will ſhunne the modiſhe ſteppes of thoſe
" Who firſt themſelves doe *blinde* their giddie Lordes,
" Then leade them darkling to a direr fate!"

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

* *Mr.* MALONE *remarks, though on what authority is not declared, that theſe are punniſtical alluſions of the immortal Bard, to the* VIRGIN NAME *of the fair* LADY, *and the retail occupation of her* SIRE, *a worthy reſident in thoſe days of* LOWER THAMES-STREET.

FIFTY-FIRST DAY's TRIAL.

CCVIII.—H. R. H. the DUKE of Y——K.

—— " Yes, that's the *Prince*,
" Whoſe pulſe of youthe intemperatelie ranne
" In earlier daies !—How goodlie now the change,
" To viewe him claſſed with chieftains of renowne—
" Hear a pure bleſſinge dwell on everie tongue
" Through vet'ran rankes,—and ſee his palace gates,
" With proude delighte, ſpring open to receive
" The milde diſpenſer of domeſtique peace !—
" So peeres the radiance of a ſummer's ſunne,
" When ſpring's lighte cloudes have fleeted far awaie !"

PAGE 100.—GENUINE.

CIX.—Mrs. P—lh—m.

—— " Pooh, *Nardina!*—we *women o' the cham-*
" *ber* may as ſoone thinke of travelling to heaven on our
" backes, as into his *Highneſs'* favour by virtue of ſimple
" obedience.—Methinks one might enſure it by a pro-
" ſcription of all within the wane of his ſhort-lived plea-
" ſure!—but then we muſt promulgate freelie, and with-
" out reſpect of perſons:—nay, the prouder ſhe be whom
" his fancie hath diſcarded, the nobler game for us full
" crie to followe!"

Page 73.—*Not* Genuine.

CCX.—ALD——N N—WN—M.

" Sirs! 'tis wond'rous harde, that I, a *Citizen* and " *Vintner*, ſhould find my popularitie under *parre*, for " *diſcompting* a princelie reputation at a marvellous ſmall " *premium*, which not a mortal amongſt you would *un-* " *derwrite* even at *cent. per cent.!*—I opened not this " *accompt current* on the ſcore of *compound intereſt*; for I " was flattered that my comelineſſe of perſon would well " beſitte the purlieus of a *Courte*;—on this I indiſcreet- " lie drewe a *bill at ſight* upon his Highneſs' favour, " which being not dulie *honoured*, came back againe " *proteſted!*"

PAGE 43.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCXI.—Lady Jane P—g—t.

" In features ſhe is faſhioned like her ſexe,
" With luring eye, and roſeate ſmile equipt,
" To catch you ſillie gazers on their way:
" But for the airy magique of a ſhape,
" She dothe as far, in Nature's modelling,
" Her modern ſiſterhoode out-peere,—as did
" The love-formed ſtatue all the antient worlde,
" Which Arte's proude rivalrie could never reach!"

Page 66.—Genuine.

FIFTY-SECOND DAY's TRIAL.

CCXII.—ARCHB——P OF C—NT——Y.

" This morn our Lorde's prime *Abbotte* I behelde,
" In riche *pontificalibus* arraied!
" If, as in worldlie ſtature he dothe growe
" Erect in grace right ſpiritual—he'll prove
" The ſtouteſt buttraſſe of our Mother Church!—
" Let's heede not thoſe who impiouſlie ſaie
" That troopes of holie emptie-ſtomach'd ſeeres
" Now trencherleſſe do leave the *Abbie* gate,
" For whom, in pious daies, alas, gone by,
" The buttrie-doores did hoſpitablie ope!—
" Nor thoſe, who tell us that celeſtial ſoundes
" Of ſackbutte, pſalmodie, and dulcimer,
" Are drowned now in ſhrill *Italia*'s ſtraines!—
" And yet his *Excellence* may well aſſume
" To point men out a nearer road to bliſſe,
" By making them newe heavens here on earthe!"

PAGE 100.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCXIII.—Miss G—nn—c.

——— " *Marvina*, Sir, bleſſe her poore harte, " hathe been no better entreated by thoſe from whome " ſhe ſprung, than by the villainous worlde ſhe dothe " inhabitte !—the former made her a ſillie baite for their " own ambition, and the latter derided the abaſement " of its miſcarriage:—then became ſhe drie nurſe to a " withered *Ducheſſe*, who, in recompenſe for her fidelitie, " left her even without a deathe-bed bleſſinge !—and " now is ſhe conſtrained to live by her own wittes, of " which, ſhe thanks Heaven, neither fortune, nor friendes " can ſo baſelie beguile her !"

Page 46.—Genuine.

CCXIV.—Mr. C—nc——n.

——— " Arrah! but this foreign warfare abroad is " a poore kind of trade for us Jontlemen at home, who " thrive beſt by the ſweete artes of peace and good plen- " tie!—By my own prettie conſcience, and I am deſtined " to be ſcratched by a rantipole Ladie of qualitie to " boote!—Och! but I had rather meete three flying " devils in the bogge of Kilkennie, than one mad daugh- " ter of old King *Faro* upon drie lande!—Faithe, and " I think it was prettie well, to be bothered out of " one's light golde for a ſcrap of waſte paper, without " being tongue-tied to one's good behaviour by a piece " of *qualitie binding* into the bargaine!"

Page 14.—*Not* Genuine.

CCXV.—Hon. Miss Ed—n.

— " In virgin wildneſſe thus each flow'rette bloom'd
" 'Mid earthlie paradiſe, ere its faire face
" By ſinne's illicit intercourſe was blurred.
" Keepe then the worlde's inſidious artes aloofe,
" That man, with ſerpent-tongue, may not beguile
" Primæval innocence like this!"———

Page 81.—Genuine.

FIFTY-THIRD DAY's TRIAL.

CCXVI.—Duke of H—m—lt—n.

——— " You may marvelle how it came to paſſe, " but, *certes*, Sir, he did once poſſeſs a *wife*, formed " from the pureſt modelle of the antique worlde!—Soon, " however, ſhe was conſtrained to divorce herſelfe from " bedde and boarde, to ſhunne that *multiplying*, which " her harte did loathe!—Then betooke he to the *chuck-* " *ribbe* of another man, a ſtage-going rantipole, who, " decked in all her *Grace*'s jewelrie, did the counterfeite " of a *Ducheſſe* ſo laſciviouſlie enacte, that this leathern- " pated Lord tranſportinglie did ſweare ſhe was his onlie " *Bona-roba!*"

Page 33.—*Not* Genuine.

CCXVII.—Miss Th—rl—w.

" You are my Sire, great Lorde! ſo nature ſpeakes,
" Although my humble deſtinie denies
" That in the worlde's faire face, or her's that bore me,
" I ſhould this bleſſinge modeſtlie declare.—
" Some portion of that pride, howe'er, I'll boaſte,
" Which doth right bluntlie appertaine to you;
" So that I ne'er, to gratifie my harte,
" Can ſaie the thing I mean not,—to deceive you."

Page 89.—Genuine.

CCXVIII.—Capt. V—nc—v—r.

——— "Remembereſt thou not, *Alberto*, that, in "the ſouthern latitudes, we did a flatte odde fiſhe deſ- "crie, with finnes for *circumnavigation* formed, who "toſſed the brinie element around him with the breathe "of a fantaſtique noſtrille, as if it were created for his "owne ſingle paſtime?—but, caſt on ſhore, he crawled "not unlike to other quadrupeddes, who ever and anon "muſt licke the duſte!"

Page 4.—Genuine.

CCXIX.—Princess S—ph—a.

" Well, ſiſter *Gertrude*, you, thus elder borne,
" With this worlde's happineſs may trifle on,
" And of your royalle hartes make duckes and drakes,
" As it doth pleaſe ye!—But, for my poore parte,
" When I doe turne a wommane's mind to wedde,
" None ſhall at diſtance trafficke thus with mine.
" They wooe by *proxie* in ſo falſe a key,
" That when you come to viewe each other's face,
" You ſhrink aghaſt from features thus diſguiſed,
" And falſlie pictured on a courtlie minde!
" In ſoothe, I ne'er will yield this little hande
" But in the joyful preſence of mine eye,
" And then my tongue may gladlie ſay—*Amen!*"

Page 18.—Genuine.

FIFTY-THIRD DAY's TRIAL.

CCXX.—ADMIRAL SIR JOHN J—RV—S.

" Upon the fretteful boſom of the deepe
" A courſe of longe inquietude he ſteered,
" Untille that hopeful morne, which peering ſhewed
" *Caſtillian* ſtreamers hemme the horizon rounde!
" The windes now leagueing on the *Britton's* ſide,
" Bore his rough barques amid the haughtie foe,
" Then lefte him on their reeking deckes to carve
" His owne, and countrie's glorie! Howe he played
" The gallant ſeaman's parte, thoſe beſt can telle
" Who ſawe the foe's proude banners ſtoute the ſkie,
" Then furled lowlie at the conqueror's feete!"

PAGE 74.—GENUIN

CCXXI.—Lady Bell. P—lw—th.

" Pſhaw, man! a ſoule with ever ſo plaine a cover-
" inge may grace its benevolencies right noblie. Shew
" me the face, however coarſlie modelled, that can put
" you faire deedes out of countenance! So learned is
" this ſame *Oreſterna*, that ſhe hathe ſette the wittes
" o' the whole *Vattican* to their laſte ſtake to keepe diſ-
" courſe with her alive i' the dead languages! Her reli-
" gion alſo you do queſtion wrongfullie; for it is pure-
" lie *Chriſtian*, in deſpight of her *Mahomedan* whiſkers,
" a due portion of which ſhe dothe licke in with her
" dailie foode, as dried cattle do oaten ſtrawe in a farme-
" yarde!"

Page 104.—*Not* Genuine.

CCXXII.—Rev. Dr. P—rr.

——— " On my reverence, goode Sirs, I am an " *Orthographer* moſt villainouſlie entreated!—The var- " lettes tooke me at a *non plus*, juſt emerging from the " ſuddes of our village tonſor, with my temples freſh " ſhorne of their natural ſtrengthe! Moreover, I had no " *pipe* to ſmoke their waggeries withal?—I ſhould have " tried their poetique fictionne by the genuine rules of " *ſyntaxe*, and then their falſe concords had been moſt ap- " parent! In lack of this, like a dull water fowle have " they enſnared me! Nay, 'tis well in Chriſtian charitie " I went no further; for the knaves did entreat my *affi-* " *davit* of their deedes, expecting, as a *Prieſte*, that I " ſhould ſweare through a churche-door, to ſave them- " ſelves from *d—mn—tion!*"

Page 100.—*Not* Genuine.

CCXXIII.—Miss S—wb—ge.

" To publique virtue who ſo little known,
" But beares ſome patriotte impreſſe on his minde
" Of blooming *Erva*'s ſire?—Beholding her,
" Quick we retrace thoſe lineaments of worthe
" Which ſo enwrapp'd mankind, but brighter ſtill
" Diſplaie their radiance now mid virginne charmes!"

Page 34.—Genuine.

FIFTY-FOURTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCXXIV.—Rt. Hon. Wm. P—tt.

" What illes betide the manne, who ſeekes to reſt
" His hope, upon the fraile, and footleſſe toppe
" Of vaine *Ambition*'s ladder!—His aſcent
" A ray of guileful fortune circleth rounde,
" To lure the ſlaveiſh gaze of baſe idolaters!
" So gapeing crowdes are drawn at firſt to viewe
" The mimique vaulter ſoaring high in aire,
" 'Till the ſpent actor can no longer poiſe
" His giddie frame by pride inflated: then
" The ſated ingrates, turning from the ſcene,
" With taunts, and jeeres, doe loudlie greete his fall!"

Page 100.—Genuine.

CCXXV.—Mrs. H—le.

—— " Thankes to my manlie ſtarres, it did belike
" me better, from my youthe, to tell convivial tales
" arounde the feſtive board, than go and count o'er girliſh
" dimples in my glaſſe.—Sirs, I was trained with gal-
" lantes of the paſſing age, who could ſaie a choice thing
" with a goode grace,—marry, and doe one, when occa-
" ſion ſerved, right merrilie to boote!—But mark me
" ſonnes of Jollitie; if I follow not the dinner clothe
" of diaper ſo ſoone as doe the ſqueamiſh of my ſexe, I
" tarrie more for the flavour of your *witte*, than your
" *wine!*"

Page 45.—Genuine.

CCXXVI.—Col. F—ll—t—n.

—— " Yclep me what you pleaſe, you ſhall finde " me a *marvel-monger*, but not *fabulous!*—I belie no " man's judgement, unleſſe prompted thereto by the re- " cognition of mine owne ſuperior ſenſes!—By my maid- " en buckler did I ſweare, and that right truſie, that, as " *Stateſmen*, we are all journieing beſide our faire " wittes, and all this, I feare, for foule purpoſes!—Yet, " Sirs! is there a doore open to our political ſalvation, " turning upon the honourable hinge of one manne's " ſingle valour!—of him, who by arte magique, did " transforme the penne of a *Lay Clerke* into the truncheon " of a *Champagne Marſhalle*,—who hath fought with " brother-ſtateſmen on all ſides, as well as ſubjects, in " the ſenate, and in the fielde!—who heroicallie traverſed " all regionnes, both hotte and colde!—who hath de- " nied, in the teeth of *Welch* philoſophers, that the *moone* " was made of cheeſe that is *greene;* and was the firſt of " mankind to diſcover, that the *Dragon of Wantlie* had " no ſting in his taile!"

Page 14.—*Not* Genuine.

CCXXVII.—Lady M—nd—p.

" A paire of honeſt eyes may fondlie looke
" On this olde frame-worke to a noble minde,
" 'Till admiration's ſelfe doth lacke a pauſe!
" She's not the fretted boaſte of high-arched domes,
" But the diſpenſing viſitant of peace,
" Who ſeekes the lowlie roofe in ſearch of woes
" She was ordained luxurioufflie to ſhare!"

Page 54.—Genuine.

FIFTY-FIFTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCXXVIII.—Earl of S—ff—k.

——— "By virtue of the ermined crownette on my "browe, I did demande an audience of the regalle eare "within the privie cloſette. I went not, like a bungling "burglarer, to this worke of ſtate, by crooked ſteppes, "or darke; marry, I ſought the preſence i' the open "fronte of daie!—The tale was rounde, and to the pur-"porte; and my tongue did deſcant on the ſweete ſo-"brietie of *Peace* ſo potentlie, that anſwer had his High-"neſſe none to give, to what my witte, and wiſdome thus "propounded!"

Page 18.—Genuine.

CCXXIX.—Mademoiselle F—n—ni.

—— " Come, come, my prettie prattlinge Cozz, we'll
" bicker no more about the virtue of our progenitors,
" like greene goſslings on an open common!—The worlde
" is bountiful enough to me to acknowledge my deſcent
" either from a wiſe *Witte*, or a weake *Lorde*, to both
" of whom has baſelie been imputed the ſinne of my be-
" getting! Thus the oddes are two to one, at leaſt, but
" I had a father amongſt them! though, like the *cuckooe*,
" ſhe that hatched me, made any bird ſhe pleaſed to
" father,—nay, and feather well her neſtelinge into the
" bargaine!"

Page 107.—Genuine.

CCXXX.—Mr. D—nt.

——— " Becauſe I did accommodate the Kinge's " Prime Ruler with the *loane* of a taxe on quadrupeddes " *canine*, the *curres* on t'other ſide the Senate, have forced " a *run* of witte upon me, in lack of other *currencie*, and " now *barke* at me for the deede *ſans* ceaſing!—Nay, ſome " of them hamper me with dailie baſkettes of *dead turn-* " *ſpittes*, while others do hang their puppies on the " knocker of my *banke*, denoting thereby, that I am little " more than a *diſcounter* of *dogge-ſkins!*"

Page 77.—*Not* Genuine.

CCXXXI.—Lady C. G. N—res.

" Heare, Madame, now, an outcaſt daughter ſpeake!—
" If 'tis the failinge of puiſſante bloode
" To curdle in our veines, and back repelle
" The genial flowings of the human harte,
" Why not an humbler current be inſtilled
" To cheque th' enſanguined maladie of pride?—
" I feare me I'd a mother but per-chaunce,
" And not by any of thoſe tender lawes
" With which ſo cloſelie Nature doth unite
" Her ſmiling progenie!—To me you've talked
" So vainlie of the *honours* of our houſe,
" That now by modeſtie, each peaſant hutte
" Approves itſelf the ſweeter habitation!—
" Oh, can you wonder, then, if, from falſe pompe,
" Fruitful to me of miſerie alone,
" I ſought life's quietude in ſimpler ſcenes,
" And found it in an humble huſbande's armes?"

Page 89.—Genuine.

FIFTY-SIXTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCXXXII.—Earl of Oxf—d.

" By this right hande of *Mortimer*, my Lordes,
" They did this *proteſte* of mine harte purloine,
" Which the ſublimer judgement of mine head,
" 'Mid night's thicke lucubrations had compounded!
" 'Tis not but I the feate might reatchieve
" In caballiſtique ſymbolles, fitting well
" My ſtate perturbed: but again to view
" Of *Cambrian* whiſkers ſuch a prowling paire,
" Scenting it here inſtincktivelie around,
" To filch my treaſure from our upper ſhelfe,
" As 'twere a fragment vile of mouldied cheeſe—
" The lordlie pride, and prudence of my houſe,
" Can never ſtomache to digeſtion!

Page 64.—Genuin'

CCXXXIII.—Countess of D—by.

" Come! come! ſince you are now my wedded Lorde—
" you ſhall commande me as you pleaſe—I will refraine
" from laughter, though my poore ſides do cracke them-
" ſelves with the forbearance!—Then ſans merriment, if
" theſe be their chiefe actreſſes, I marvel not that the ſer-
" vice o'the State be managed ſo unprofitablie! The
" poore ſoules thinke, that if the bloode but riot noblie
" in their veines, they have no occaſion for more witte, or
" plaine ſenſe, than falls to the moderate ſhare of a grey
" wild-gooſe! Howe ſuch creatures played themſelves
" into the ſtatelie drama of the Courte, who could not
" earne clean ſtrawe by their atchievings in a boarded
" barne, is paſt my finding out!—For my own poor parte,
" my Lorde, I will the *Counteſſe* ſo enacte, and weare mine
" ermined crownette with ſuch thrift, that the inſidious
" worlde ſhall find no ſpotte thereon, nor cauſe of faulte
" with him who kindlie placed it on a grateful browe!

Page 37.—Genuine.

CCXXXIV.—Mr. D——y.

— " Enamoured of ſome or other of my rare qua-
" lities, his Highneſſe dothe continue to loade me with
" his prime civilities!—Whether I am debitor for all
" this to my witte, or that portion of witte's maſter
" piece my pocket dothe containe, I wotte not!—But
" yeſter morn he did my countenance reſemble to the
" Sunne, which had journied roſeilie from the Eaſte to
" his full at noone day: and the ſelf-ſame eve he bade
" me ſitte familiarlie by his ſide, to talke of friendlie
" loanes, and ſuch like courteſies.—Marry, there be theſe
" of my acquaintance, who, envious of theſe honours,
" would blight their future harveſting; but I heede
" them not, though one ſarcaſticallie ſays, that 'everie
" *dogge* hath his *day!*'—and another, 'that I Thomas *Day*,
" ſhale ſoone bid my monies a goode *night!*"

Page 14.—*Not* Genuine.

CCXXXV.—Hon. Mrs. Str—f—d.

" Sad rendings do betide that widowed harte,
" Whoſe girliſh panting after wedded bliſſe,
" Did in its extacie ſo earlie raiſe
" Twinne beauties to diſpute her ſov'rain ſway!
" Now by the ſide of cold neglecte I ſitte,
" And ſee by ſlowe, but torturing degrees
" The luſcious homage of adoring eyes,
" By parricidal artes thus wreſted from me!"

Page 100.—*Not* Genuine.

FIFTY-EIGHTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCXXXVI.—Mr. Sec. R—se.

" Upon *my honour*, Sirs, I am condemned moſt un-
" juſtlie !—As a ſerving man o'the State, I have drudged
" too harde for ſcantie pickings, to be thus hardilie en-
" treated.—To no one breathinge owe I aught on the ſcore
" of friendſhippe, or goode-wille—yet doe they cauſe
" hue and crie againſt me, as though I were the worlde's
" defaulter !—Nay, ſince the regalle treaſurie hath ſome-
" what runne to waſte, mennes eyes inquiſitivelie do
" ſearch, as if the loſſe were to be found beneathe
" my humble goodes, and chatels; when "*I can take*
" *my God to witneſſe*, (and he will come along with me)
" that I am as *poore a creature* as any in his Highneſſe'
" realme !"

PAGE 10.—GENUINE.

No. CCXXXVII.—Lady B—ME.

" Come, come, my higher titled ſiſters, now are you
" too elate: her *Grace*, our huſbande-hunting Mother,
" has exerciſed her wittes in 'vantage for us all; and,
" though ſhe caughte no unfledged *Duke* for me, ſhe hathe
" at leaſt a neſtlinge *Marquiſſe* ta'en, with which my
" little harte's content!—She tells me, both his eyes are
" faſhioned out of briliantes from the *Eaſte*, and that
" the reſte of this my dearer ſelfe, is formed of precious
" jewelrie throughout!—If it be ſo, looke laſſes to't,
" or my gay *ſtarke* may your's yet outſhine, and I, his
" *bonnie* BROOME, ſweepe a proude traine before you!"

PAGE 16.—*Not* GENUINE.

No. CCXXXVIII.—Sir THOMAS T—T—N.

——— " I ſtopped me onlie, in *Minceing-lane*, for a " contraband glaſſe of *Carraway Comfitte*, at the luſci- " ous hande of TURGO'S *ſleeping* partner, and the Var- " lette hath demanded of me, payment through the noſe " for this little lippe-full of ſimple compoundes!—He " did alledge, that I had *leakage* given to a tierce of pre- " cious *Coniaque*, moſt choicelie brought to proofe; " when, in veritie, we no more than ſhooke an *ullage* " *caſque* upon the lees between us! Troth I did pro- " teſte, by the firſt-blown honours of my *Knighthoode*, " the allegation was not true; yet this retailer of ſinful " provocatives, called him forth twelve worldlie minded " ſottes, who charged me on their oathes uſurious, *five* " *thouſand Ducattes* for this fancied waſte of peritheable " wares!"

PAGE 77.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCXXXIX.—Miſs Og—lvie.

——— ——— " *Rowena* did not ſo;
" For while the vaine, and giddie of her ſexe
" Strove emulouſlie to deform, and blurre
" The fairer excellencies of the minde,
" She all its native dignitie uphelde
" By 'compliſhments in reaſon's ſchoole acquired,
" Making *their* cloatheleſſe beautie ſhrink abaſhed
" From merit, ſo by modeſtie arrayed!"

PAGE 114.—GENUINE.

FIFTY-NINETH DAY's TRIAL.

No. CCXL.—Earl Sp——r.

" Fie on your ſalte-water fates, who, from his cra-
" dle arriſtocratique, did bemounte this lande-nurſed
" Lorde upon the proudeſt courſer of the maine, and
" bade him rule the headeſtrong quadrupedde by
" guidance of his taile!—Awhile he rode o'er *Biſquay's*
" troubled ſeas, until his ſenſes with his ſeate he loſt,
" then, floundering, ploughed the deepe! the pitying
" *Mermaides* flewe to his reliefe, and combed his teare-
" full lockes; while *Neptune*'s ſelfe deridinglie look'd
" on, and cracked his coral-mailed ſides with laughter!"

Page 87.—Genuine.

No. CCXLI.—Lady C——LL.

——"Stirre thee betimes goode *Blanche!* and endite "me unnumbered cardes of complimente, invitinglie de- "vised! so shall we out-telle the visitants to *Noah's* "arque, where all Godde's animals of kindes distin- "guished did congregate in paires! Nay, we may boaste "perchance, more tongues than did the builders of proud "*Babel's* tower confounde! *Sacque-posſets* let me have "enow; and bid, that *lemmon-waters* flowe in plentie "rounde our *dates*, on cupboardes daintilie be-dight! "Thus shall the *Dames* of common men in envie learne, "that they have neither meanes, nor manners to convoke "like me assemblage of the greate!"

PAGE 10.—GENUINE.

No. CCXLII.—Mr. B—RW—L.

——"Laugh, and it ſo pleaſe you, my merrie maſters; "but true it is, that I was broiled for yeares beneath the "radiance of a burning ſunne, that my conſtitution "might be warmed alſo, through a body ſo bepepper-"ed by plannettarie influence?—Thus did I begette "countleſs lacques of pagodas, that my fraile fleſh "might lacke nought to luſte after in its mortal declen-"ſion!—And now, quitting the hauntes of men, I have "eſtabliſhed a *free warren* for 'tother gender, where a "ſingle *ſkutte* i' the foreſt is not touched without privie "leave of me, the ſole Lorde-paramount! ſo that if "any ſlie puppie among you be found running by the "noſe,—as licenſed keeper of mine own *game*, I ſhall "rate the lurcher from his queſte, with ſimple loſſe of "taile!"

PAGE 67.—GENUINE.

No. CCXLIII.—Lady D——cre.

‘ No morne, or eve, when twilight calmlie rules,
“ But *Elda* mantled in her ſable ſtole,
“ Walkes forthe to ſeeke deathe's conſecrated ſhade.
“ There on the monumental buſte ſhe leanes,
“ And, 'mid her only luxurie in woe,
“ Reades virtues appertaininge to her Lorde,
“ Which the cold hande of ſculpture could not trace,
“ So left for purer recorde on her minde!”

Page 20.—Genuine.

FORTIETH DAY's TRIAL.

CCXLIV.—Lord GR—NV—LE.

" Why doe the hungrie knaves begrudge me the com-
" mon crumbes of comforte, which appertaine unto my
" table of eſtate? Thoſe abroad, raile at me in the mar-
" kettable ſtyle of *Byllingſgate*, becauſe forſoothe I am
" daily purveyor of mine own *coddes heade*; while others
" on the opponent ſide of our own noble chamber, do in-
" vidiouſlie hint, that with our illuſtrious houſe, it is
" all fiſhe (particularly *plaice*) that comes into our
" nette!"—In veritie we ſomewhat trafficke in that
" commoditie; for while our brother of *Buckingham*
" dothe retaile his finnie race by the * inch ſuperficial,
" I, in wholeſale, buy me lumping pennieworths by
" the pounde avoirdupoiſe!

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

* *Alluding to one of this diſtinguiſhed family ſelling the Carp of* GOSFIELLD *Park Ponds in Eſſex, by this ſcanty admeaſurement, long ſubſequent to the days of good* QUEEN BESS!

CCXLV.—Lady H—L——D.

" At her firſt enlaunchement, ſhe was as trim a barque
" as ever floated on *Love*'s billow! but her head-ſtrong
" pilotte, clapping his helm too hard a weather, when
" ſhe was light of ballaſt, the veſſel was upſette, and ſoon
" drifted, ſans reckoning or compaſse, to a neighbouring
" Coaſte, where, liberated from Britiſh *Vaſſalage*, ſhe did
" become a leakie droit of Batavian *Hollande!*"

PAGE 35.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCXLVI.—Capt. M—R—CE.

——"Caparisoned in a motley jacquet with qualitie "binding, he became a *Maurice dancer*, surmounted with "cappe and bells, which he jingled to the tune of other "mens follie! Thus pranced he into goodlie dinners in "jig-time; and, for his night's repast, that picked he "up merrilie, by chaunting to unhallowed mindes the "vespers of lascivious intoxication!"

PAGE 16.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCXLVII.—Lady H—w—rd de W—ld—n.

—— " Within the ſepulchre of her deade Lorde,
" Deeplie ſhe hathe entombed her harte's beſt love,
" Keeping alone the blifsful hope alive
" Of ſoone replighting it in realmes above!
" Meanwhile, the cold abodes of povertie
" She ſeekes, and there with pious hande deals out
" Her meede of Chriſtian Charitie to all around!"

Page 4.—Genuine.

FORTY-FIRST DAY's TRIAL.

CCXLVIII.—Prince WILLIAM of G———.

——— " Since your half-witted knaves do bemea-
" ſure man's reaſonable faculties by the narrowe circum-
" ference of his waiſte-band, I ſee not how a *Princelie*
" ſoldier now a daies is to paſſe muſter!—For my own
" parte, I can wooe ſighingly with moſt gallantes, and
" couch my lance, though full capariſoned, i' the tented
" fielde.—Let the *Knight Errant* who can atchieve more
" heroicallie, enter the liſtes, and he pleaſe, before me!"

PAGE 76.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCXLIX.—Mrs. Br—d——d.

—— " Come, come, *Bud!* let not you and I " diſturb our ſillie pates about ſuch trifles!—Where is " the benefitte of *golde*, unleſs, like the genial aire of " heaven, it hathe moſt free circulation? or of man- " ſions huge with their appurtenances, if not with oc- " cupation free?—True, as you ſay, by courteſie right " conjugale, you are my Lorde and Maſter;—but you did " always tell your friendes that you were their *obedient* " *ſervant:* therefore have I, on our ſpecial nights of " feſtival, ta'en care that you ſhould not befalſifie your " worde!—You do forget, that I, juſt out of dadeing- " ſtrings, in ſofteſt dalliance did allow great girles to " be bemodelled after the likeneſſe of your own harte's " delighte, and which are now ſo multiplied, that the " ſound of *grand-damme* echoes through my ears, before, " in nature's courſe, I've ceaſed to be a *mother!*—Nay, " deareſt chuck, you owe me many kindneſſes for this " —indeed you do!"

Page 1.—*Not* Genuine.

CCL.—Mr. H—ST—GS.

" The man of ſpleene, high-gifted as he roſe,
" Who, through my wounded honour ſought my life,
" Has paid the debt of nature thus before me!
" If e'er I turn towards his cold remains,
" 'Twill be to breathe forgiveneſſe o'er a ſhrine
" Which *Science* hath ſo purelie conſecrated!"

PAGE 18.—GENUINE.

CCLI.—Mrs. St——t.

——— " Laſt eve, in *Abbotte's* lane,
" Where ſpectred *ſuicides* have groaned their laſte,
" An haggarde ſorc'reſſe croſst me on the way,
" And wildlie aſk'd me, if I had not borne
" A faire, and daintie daughter?—*Sans* reply—
" Flie hence!" quothe ſhe,—" a mother be agen,
" Nor longer leave upon the whirlpoole's brinke
" A child that follow'd thine own ſteppes aſtray;"—
" Then bade me viewe a raven high in aire,
" Which bore my deſtinie on ſable wing!—
" I, ſmiling, toſst ſome monie in her lappe
" As fortune careleſslie had done by me,
" And left the wretche, unſatisfied, behind!"

Page 100.—Genuine.

FORTY-SECOND DAY's TRIAL.

CCLII. Rear-Admiral Sir HORATIO N—LS—N, K. B.

" Pſhawe, *Tubert!* why, I tell thee that this man " of warre, like the fire-baſqueing *Salamander*, cannot " live but within the rake of your red-hotte ſhotte, and " other mortal conflagrationes! nay, in admiration of " their leader's appetite, his mariners doe grumble, un- " leſs they have one warm meale a daie of this diette, " which would give our ordinarie ſtomaches the harte- " burn!"

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

CCLIII. Mrs. C—MPB—L, *ci-devant* Miſs W—LL—S.

——— " I doe marvelle, now the honied moone
" hath done to ſhine, if the ſame ſtarre of lowlie mo-
" deſtie will ſwaie *Alberta*'s courſe, as it was wont!
" That ſhe did be-catch herſelf this golden plumed
" ſparke, by the arte magique of counterfeit reſem-
" blinges, no one can in veritie denie;—ſo ſhall it ſoon
" be ſeene, whether ſhe hath the witte to holde him
" now in undiſguiſe, or, in her ſelf-defence, muſt en-
" acte it with this ſame fancie bird, to the very end o'
" the chapter!"

PAGE 38.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCLIV.—Mr. Fr—nc—s.

——— " If a manne's *politie*, which hath ſtoode
" the burning ſhame of various climes, is to be tram-
" melled up by the vulgar ligatures of your juriſpru-
" dence common, at home,—then are our liberties fit-
" tinge for little more than bandes to tie up dried pro-
" vender for *ſtate* cattle!—Sir, I had fairlie entrapped
" me ſome ſcores of *Gloceſterſhire* wights, and intended
" to have fed the hungrie knaves with the *pareings* of
" their ſingle cheeſe; but that fierie mountaineer o'
" the lawe, with a Welſh leeke in his bonnette, en-
" looſed theſe preſſers of curdes and whey, and then
" threw ſlander o'er my faire fame, as thick as their
" own *Tewkeſburie muſtarde!*"

Page 44.—*Not* Genuine.

CCLV.—Hon. Miſs Bl—gh.

— " I doe begin to thinke me, ſiſter *Blanche*,
" That womane's charmes, which Fortune hathe not
" graced,
" Like the lighte meteors of a ſummer's ſkie,
" Attracte the momentarie gaze of menne,
" Scarcelie awhile their ſhort-lived colours laſt!—
" For meagre vanitie but thus ſkinne-deepe,
" Let us no longer trifle with our glaſſe,
" But turne it to the features of the minde,
" And ſee if any hidden beautie there
" Hathe claime to be reflected?"——

Page 114.—Genuine.

FORTY-THIRD DAY's TRIAL.

CCLVI.—Sir Lionel D——l.

—— " His *Highneſſe*, in his marvellous conde-
" ſcenſion, did entreat himſelfe to dine with me, but on
" ſtipulation poſitive, that nothing *feminine* ſhould grace
" our boarde:—aſſenting thereunto, I have unwiſelie em-
" broiled myſelf with certain of mine own houſeholde;
" for my Ladie Wyfe, who delighteth in true courteſie,
" dothe ſo lamente this loſſe of the ſmile *princelie*, that
" ſhe hathe forbidden me to feede a *royalle fowle* thus
" privilie again, on peril of being hen-pecked for the
" remnant of my daies!"

Page 13.—*Not* Genuine.

CCLVII.—Miss Ang—sh.

——— "I praie you, tell me the uſe of your digni-
" fied alliances, if we are not allowed to make our dailie
" boaſte of them? Since it hath pleaſed that capricious
" jade, Fortune, to trundle a *ducalle crownette* over our
" lowlie threſholde, I have rantipolled it faſhionablie
" with the beſt of them! and my tongue, which had
" ever a muſical propenſitie to repetitions, hathe caught
" the dulcet air of nobilitie ſo trulie, that it can chaunte
" you no other praiſes now but of her *Grace*, my dear
" be-*Ducheſſed* ſiſter!"

Page 77.—Genuine.

CCLVIII.—Sir Charles F—— R—dcl—fe.

—— " A plague on that commoditie of good-hu-
" mour, which, coming in ſimple contacte with a goode
" digeſtion, hathe ſwolen up *Barbolto* to the full ſize of
" carnal enormitie!—Why, the waiſtband of his lower
" garment hath dilated ſo hugelie, that tailors cannot en-
" compaſſe him with thrice ſtitched parchments! and ſo
" faſte doth he picke up ſtones averdupoize, that hack-
" horſes do ſhye at him more than a ſacke of ground
" midlings!—Marry, and he thus goes on, but all God's
" carrying creatures, male and female, will dread the
" mightie preſſure of his beſtrideing!"

Page 100.—Genuine.

CCLIX.—Countess of Sh—ftsb—y.

" If, in our teenes, a ſillie, wayward harte
" Hathe prematurelie pledged its maiden vowe,
" Frailtie, the chartered ſhielde of our weak ſexe,
" Muſt pennance it away !—Who can diſclaime
" Due hommage by a noble ſuitor ſworne,
" When with ſoft titled kiſſes ſeal'd ? And yet,
" The vaine illuſive dreame no ſooner o'er,
" And Fortune paced her guileful footeſteppes back,
" Than all her wedded votaries appeare
" Of Hope's faire fancie-woven veſts unrobed,
" Like ſpiders foil'd in their diſmantled *Webbe!*"

Page 1.—*Not* Genuine.

FORTY-FOURTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCLX.—Sir J. Anstr——r.

——— " Had I not been a judge of capilliarie juriſ-
" prudence, they had compelled me on board ſhippe,
" without my wigge judicial, or even the ſtate dower
" of my now Ladie wyfe right legallie guaranteed!—I
" doe marvelle, how our *Magi* o' the Eaſte are to be per-
" ſonified, unleſs in full *pontificalibus!*—'Marry, Sirs,'
" quothe I, 'but my ſage temples ſhall be well ſecured
" from mortal inquiſition, and the purlieu of my bodie
" incorporeal, amplified by circumvallations of ermined
" tabbie, or I depart not from his Liege's preſence!'—
" Thus have they at length equipped me—and now may
" they reaſonablie looke for knottie pointes of ſerviceable
" hardihoode, of which the *Medes*, and *Perſians* never
" dreamt of yore!"

Page 77.—Genuine.

CCLXI.—Mrs. Br—dy—l.

——— " Thus mine harte's dear prodigalle
" From Syren harlottrie I have reſtored
" To recognition true of my poore charmes,
" Which he, like truant boy, did abdicate!
" Our gordian knotte now nuptiallie re-twined,
" Oh marvelle not, my girles, if it ſhould chaunce
" Within the circling courſe of nine bright moones,
" Your lovelie ſiſterhoode may owe increaſe
" To Natue's new atchieveings!"

Page 20.—Genuine.

CCLXII.—Admiral Lord H—d.

——— " Mark that rough *Seaman* paſſing by, whoſe " yeares ſhed luſtre on a gallant browe!—To ſcourge the " enemie around the globe, was not enough for him, un- " til, by conflagration of their fleetes, he did illume " the faire, and ſmiling face of *Victorie!*—Say, *Mervolt*, " do not honours thus ſo noblie earned, right well be- " grace him?"

Page 18.—Genuine.

CCLXIII.—Marchioness of B—k—g—m.

——— " Oh ſhe dothe holde
" Your minceing dames of qualitie ſo cheape,
" As ſcarce to deeme the beſt her quatre couſins!
" How oft, by matron modeſtie impelled,
" Laies ſhe with winning grace, her crownette by,
" To add an humbler virtue to that ſtore
" Which dothe her modeſt *Temple* beſt adorn!"

Page 99.—Genuine.

FORTY-FIFTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCLXIV.—Admiral Lord D—nc—n.

" If that be not a man of ſtature high
" In deedes of valour, as in mien—no more
" I'll truſt this intellectual eye of mine
" To pick me out a hardie-moulded *Britton!*—
" Upon *Batavia*'s danke, and ſullen coaſte,
" I ſawe his weather-beaten pennants flie,
" Taunting their ſluggiſh barques to battel!
" At length in ruethful moment gave they ſaile,
" And at their verie threſholde met their fate!—
" The dreadful worke of nations thus performed,
" Soon did the furie of his front ſubſide;
" And when their Chieftain's banner graced his feete,
" A ſigh of ſympathie came ſweetlie forthe,
" Preſage of ſomething nobler ſtill, when all
" The bitterneſs of wrathe was done away!"

Page 100.—Genuine.

CCLXV.—Countess Dowager of M—nsf—d.

" Pooh—pooh! *Tubert*,—ſhe'll have her full ſwing,
" unleſs the rope of dalliance breake—or nought knowe I
" of woman's gambolles!—Marrie, man, why you can no
" more keep a *Flandriken* dame of qualitie from a ſecond
" ſnap carnalle, than a pedlar's pad from another quar-
" terne and penn'worth, when in manger ſette before
" him! *tie* them up as tightlie as you pleaſe, and both
" ſhall ſlippe their halter, for the liquoriſh provender
" their appetite delightes in!"

Page 33.—*Not* Genuine.

CCLXVI.—Sir Ch. B—nb—y.

——— " Oh! he's the ſportinge Sir, who, in the " hey-daie of his youthfulle bloode, did race it o'er Tar- " tarian plains with flyinge *Arrabs*, and left their whiſ- " kers diſtances behinde!—Nexte run he riotte through " all the looſer petticoates of *Salamanca*.—But now, " forſoothe, he queſts it ſoberlie on foote, to cull out " dainties for his bedde and boarde! and, for the matter " of that, they are not thrown away on him, who hath a " diſpenſing hand, well faſhioned to ſubdue the preſſing " wantes of others!"

Page 20.—Genuine.

CCLXVII.—Duchess of L—ds.

" If *Nature*, with a ſcantie-dealing hande,
" Hathe deckt few witcheries my features rounde,
" At leaſt I owe her for that *Syrenne* voice
" With which ſhe did poſſeſſe me :—'tis on this
" That *Arte* dothe plaie her modulating powers,
" And woman, by its magique mynſtrelſie,
" Allure man's ear, and bend its raptur'd ſenſe
" In ſweete accordance to her will.
" Thus can ſhe turn the mirror of the State,
" And by reflected greatneſs be ennobled!"

Page 3.—Genuine.

SIXTY-SIXTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCLXVIII. —ALDERMAN AND—RS—N, LORD M—Y—R.

—— " Stand you by, my brother *Cittes*, and, as " in dutie bounde, give to this *golden chaine* of mine it's " reverend precedence!—Know you not that I'm a *Man* " *of State*, on this faire ſide the *Templar's barre*, ſince " I did eſcort *our Sov'rain* ſafelie to, and fro! In ſoothe, " his *Liege* hath hinted to me, through a whiſper o' the " *Courte*, that it is his royal wille, I ſhall in future bear " a *bloodie palm*, to keep my *naſal* dignitie in counte- " nance!—Marry, Sirs, thus ſhall I be empowered, by " virtue of mine own bodie corporate, to give iſſue from " theſe loines, which may, in better times, looke even " *Courtiers* in the face without abaſhment!"

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

CCLXIX.—Hon. Miss D—nc—n.

—— "Beſhrewe me, Coz! but I am ignorant, for "which of my tall properties I have ſo hugelie grown in "man's eſteeme!—I am moſt wonderfullie beviſitted of "late by gaie gallants, who tender me their harte's beſt "ſuite and ſervice; yet talk they little more to me, than "of my father's deedes in armes; ſo that I do feare me, "after all, I owe theſe ſudden conqueſts more to his "mightie valoure, than to my own poor feminine at-"chievings!"

Page 12.—*Not* Genuine.

CCLXX.—Sir H—— H—ght—n.

—— " Oh, he is a moſt ſteady Sir! one with moſt " fixed principles, who will ſitte you for whole " moones in the playing roome at the *Bathe*, like a piece " of its own furniture immoveable!—Though choſen " to the Senate, he obtrudes amongſt them neither his " opinions, nor his perſon: nay, he is a man of ſo few " words, that he never ſaid *Aye* in his whole life, till " they did lead him t'other day blindfolded to the *al-* " *tarre!*"

Page 36.—*Not* Genuine.

CCLXXI.—Hon. Miss K—ng.

" How ſweete yon flow'rette peered to meet the ſunne,
" Ere it was baſelie pluckt by that fell hande
" Which to its tender beauties owed protection?—
" But blighted now! behold it choak'd with *weedes*,
" Appurtenances ſad of rooted woe!—
" Theſe courts ſhe not as types of murder'd fame,
" For it doth ſeeme to be in frantick griefe,
" Becauſe the juſt, avenging hand of Heaven
" Hath reached her mercileſs deſpoiler!"——

Page 14.—Genuine.

SIXTY-SEVENTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCLXXII.—Lord H—wkes—ry.

——— " I met me on the Kinge's highwaye, a *Tom* " *Thumbe* of a Lordeling, who did boaſte of mightier " deedes than thoſe of *Jack the ſlaughterer of Giantes!* " He told me he had vaulted the daie before with " the man of *Rhodes*, and beaten him by a furlong " at a ſingle jumpe! He had juſt ſtepped into his " nine-leagued bootes, and ſwore by the maidenheade of " his nobilitie, that he would be at the capital of the " *Gauls* and back again, before he broke his faſte!"

Page 37.—Genuine.

CCLXXIII.—Lady Ann N—th.

" After a lapſe of twentie virginne yeares,
" He hath my maiden matronhoode agen
" Aſſailed with vowes of never-altered love!
" Though all this live-long while he did endure
" The fretful yoke of a connubial life,
" Abatement of his paſſion find I none;
" So to this fierrie ſparke my hande I yielde,
" And plight obeiſance to his lordlie will."

Page 12.—*Not* Genuine.

CCLXXIV.—Mr. Bryan Ed——ds.

——— " If a man having been bleſſed with God-
" fathers and Godmothers, be deſpoiled of his *Chriſtian*
" name by thoſe who rule us, what chaunce have we,
" my neighbours, in ſuch times, to maintain the rem-
" nant of our *birthrightes?* Why, Sirs, they have em-
" ployed their ſerving knaves o' th' preſs, to y'clep me
" by a *beaſtlie* name, denoting that I would daunce, and
" play you ſillie antickes, under the cudgel of my
" leader! Nay, the very *Oracle* of our Aſſembly, for-
" getful of his *nomenclatura*, called me forth but t'other
" daie as Mr. *Bruin*, and thus did he provoke a moſt
" unſeemlie roar of merriment at my expenditure!"

Page 22.—Genuine.

CCLXXV.—MARCHIONESS OF H—RTF—D.

" 'Tis not in ſculptur'd ſtature, coldlie chaſte,
" That ARESTINA towers above her ſexe:
" The worlde dothe give her fame for ſhapeful form
" Well moulded for pre-eminence; but marke
" How in the plaſtique movement of each limbe,
" On everie charm-combining feature round,
" The animating ſoul of virtue breathes
" A grace that's intellectual!"

PAGE 38.—GENUINE.

SIXTY-EIGHTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCLXXVI.—Lord Viscount H—ref—d.

" Adown in *Brecon*'s rude, but fertile vale,
" One morn a noblie-gifted Sir I ſpied,
" Teaching obeiſance to the ſtubborn ſoile!
" A yoke of milke-white oxen did fore-pace
" His ſteppes, awhile the polliſh-breaſted ploughe
" Traced furrowed lines beneath his ſkillful hand.
" Strait aſked I of this man, who, in theſe daies,
" Dared give primæval dignitie to ſcenes
" Of ruſtique caſte?—They told me he was one
" Of *Brittain*'s Peers!—Then mark me well, quoth I,
" The earthe, ennobled thus, ſoon to its Lorde,
" In plenteous ſtores, right gratefullie ſhall give
" Its honourable produce back!"

Page 44.—Genuine.

CCLXXVII.—Lady Almeria C—rp——r.

—— " They tell me I have not done amiſs in " bartering a littel of my woman's beautie, for a better " portion of worldlie wiſdome.—I would not have been " hand-maiden to any houſholde thus long, without " knowing my *why?* and my *wherefore?*—However, in " pure friendſhippe to her *Highneſſe*, I will continue " cheerfullie to undertake thoſe familie-affayres, for " which her own infirmities do unfitte her, and leave " it to the *Duke* to reckon on my deſerts accordinglie!"

Page 18.—*Not* Genuine.

CCLXXVIII.—Mr. M—cn—m—a, [of Streatham.]

——— "The wagges o' the Courte would inſinuate "againſt me, that mine is the Houſe of Calle for poli- "tique confederation: moreover, that I do retaile oute "ſtate projects at the tippling ſign of the *Iriſhe Piper!* "Truth it is, that I put good cheere before my gueſts; "but if there be any treaſon among 'em, it muſt be "found in their owne wittes, and not in *M'Nab*'s old "wine!—That ſome of their midnight deedes have ſa- "voured of *darkneſſe*, I cannot well denie; but that, "indeed, was onlie after quaffing ſo incontinentlie, that "they could not ſee!"

Page 7.—Genuine.

CCLXXIX.—Lady St. As—ph.

" That is the ſecond flowerette which her Lorde
" Connubiallie hath culled out.—The firſt,
" Though ſweete in budde, did wither on his breaſt,
" Ere it had reached its bloome !—But now, in ſoothe,
" Hath he ſelected, from a Northern clime,
" With fairer hope that time will here mature
" His harte's amended choice !"——

Page 34.—Genuine.

SIXTY-NINTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCLXXX.—Lord C—wd—r.

" I do appeale me to your Council's boarde,
" And aſke redreſs of honour-wounding wronges.
" You did not make me *Cawdor*'s titled Lorde,
" To ſee me truckle to a *Cambrian* Thane.
" Remember, *Sire*, in daies of peril paſt,
" I met upon our beach th' inſulting *Gauls*,
" And for the oares they quitted, gave them chaines!
" For this, and ſuch like ſervices of ſtate,
" I do expect ſupremacie of power,
" Within this ſcantie limit of our Iſle;
" Or that the miſerable moietie I hold
" Be taken back, in noveltie to grace
" Some lowlie Chiefe, on whoſe quieſcent minde
" Divided rule may ſit at eaſe!"——

Page 77.—*Not* Genuine.

CCLXXXI.—Lady —— T—yl—r.

" When I was ſick at harte, I found, like Deathe,
" That *Love* did all diſtinctions levell!—Oh! then
" My equalizing ſoule, true to its ſource,
" Sigh'd not for oſtentatious aid—but bade
" That her own *Doctor* Nature ſhould call in.
" He coldlie did approach my reſtleſſe couch,
" But found my feverous pulſe beat quick and high;
" Still he inſenſiblie my caſe miſtooke,
" Although my crimſoned viſage ſpoke it clear,
" Until perforce I told him where it lay,
" And how to medicine its onlie cure!"

Page 48.—Genuine.

CCLXXXII —Dr. L—wr—ce.

——— " I did betake me, t' other morn, to Father " *L—wr—ce*, a Soothe-ſayer, and grave Oracle o' the " *Arches*, one who dothe retaile you civille lawe, and po- " litiques moſt villainouſlie compounded !—I found him " in learned tribulation, having juſt eſcaped the Com- " mons not *Doctorial*, where, being far from home, he " did make it a dubitable queſtion with his own pericra- " nium, whether he had riſen by his heade, or on his " feete ?—The wagges had laughed incontinentlie at his " confuſion, and told his Reverence to his bearde, that " he had been aſſeſſing his five ſenſes quintuplie, with- " out levying from thence one graine of common under- " ſtanding !"

Page 104.—Genuine.

CCLXXXIII.—Mrs. Scr—pe.

——— " In ſoothe, good *Nurſe*, 'tis hard
" That I, who ſought a *Huſbande*'s fonder armes,
" Soon as I quitted your's, am now of both
" Bereft!—The gapeing eyes of other men
" Still ſpeak me ſomewhat more than paſſing faire,
" Which my own mirror proudlie doth reflect:
" And yet my wedded harte, juſt in its *teenes*,
" Is now divorced, and its firſt plighted love
" Caſt in its infancie away!"

Page 45.—*Not* Genuine.

SEVENTIETH DAY's TRIAL.

CCLXXXIV.—Bishop of D———m.

" You aſke me, Ladie, how my frame could feel
" The ſhock of magique wantonneſs ſo far?
" Your interrogatorie thus I ſolve—
" In my minde's ſcopefull eye I viewed the *daunce*,
" Where, on the optique nerve of mortal ſenſe
" It ſpread lewd geſticulations wide!
" In blaunched lawne though man be purelie robed,
" Yet hathe the boundleſs will of Heaven ordained
" It ſhould begirt rebellious fleſhe and bloode!
" How then, I praie you, Madam, ſo endued,
" Theſe maddening fantaſies can *Nature* bear
" To flaſh acroſs her poore, diſtempered braine,
" And keepe frail manhoode in ſubjection?"

Page 18.—*Not* Genuine.

CCLXXXV.—Countess of C—rk.

——— " No—no, my Lorde!
" My woman's wille muſt be your ſov'rain lawe,
" Though at the altar's baſe my tongue did plight
" Obedience, 'twas but a weake, fleeting vow,
" Which after-thought was bound to remedie.
" Here then, imperiouſlie, I do demand
" (In ſure avoidance of domeſtique ſtrife),
" Through all this life's concerns pertaining you,
" Due vaſſalage!—holding in fiefe of me
" Your crownette,—and your ſworde!"

Page 77.—Genuine.

CCLXXXVI.—Earl of C—rd—n.

——— " If my Ladie *Wyfe* be not overgone theſe " eighteen moones with ſon and heire of mine owne be- " getting, then know I nought of the net proceeds of " noble manhoode!—Why, Sir, but t'other night, in my " repoſe—(but mark, 'tis *entre nous*),—the littel ſight- " leſs rogue did fairlie kick his much delighted ſire, in " place I dare not nominate:—taking the hint, no ſooner " came the morn, than I did hie me forth, and, with his " cradle, bought me up rich ſwaddling cloathes in " plentie, to await the time of his forthcoming!"

Page 80.—Genuine.

CCLXXXVII.—Lady C—h—r.

——— " I was beguiled
" To cut thoſe flowing treſſes from my necke,
" Which men ſo much admired; and now they ſay,
" That I have baniſhed from their wanton home
" The littel *Loves*, which uſed to ambuſh there!
" Surelie I am not thus of beautie ſhorne,
" (As man of yore was of his mortal ſtrength!)
" Doomed to recline my faire dejected head,
" Like flowrette faire moſt prematurelie *cropt!*"

Page 37.—Genuine.

SEVENTY-FIRST DAY's TRIAL.

CCLXXXVIII.—VICE-ADMIRAL C—LP—YS.

——— " Give me a *Tarre*, who ſerves his countrie " trulie, and without much imparlance; ſo that, when " an enemie doth holde diſputation with him, he an- " ſwereth in repartee, and cuts off his chaine of argu- " ment by a quick exchange of chaine-ſhotte!—I knew " a ſalt-water Chief of this ſtampe, who ſilenced the " *mutinie* of his ſhippe by the ſame ſplice of eloquence, " and for which his Sov'rain, in admiration of the deede, " did command him to diſplay the *Red Flag* at his own " gallant main!"

PAGE 13.—GENUINE.

CCLXXXIX.—Countess of H—rc—t.

——— " I pray thee, *Spaldo*, give not thy tongue " propenſitie to *courtlie* ſlander.—That Ladie is the " prime-moveable feminine about the *Queene*'s perſon, " which may account for its haveing been handled, in " time of yore, rather *freelie*.—It argueth marvellous " greatneſs for one noblie bred, to be able in her ſpleene, " to deſcant boldlie on Royal weakneſſes; and when the " fit of obſequience doth return, to bend, and licke the very " duſte beneath her Highneſſe's ſandals!—Marry, knave, " to be in perfect tune with the times, one muſt have an " alarum, that will ring you all the changes o' the State, " from the treble key of ſycophancie, down to the lower " baſſe of *courtlie* diſcontent!"—

Page 88.—*Not* Genuine.

CCXC.—Sir Francis B—d—tt.

——— " Should this whimſical *Knight* have
" ſworne to urge perpetual ſtrife with nature, he will
" keepe his worde!—Why, Sir, he can combatte with
" all the ſpiteful elements, one after t'other, in their bit-
" tereſt wrath, and laugh at his own diſcomfiture: nay, he
" will now lick redde fierrie barrs of iron, till his tongue
" growe hiſſing hotte, and then mount upon tavern
" benches, and make you flameing declamations! Hea-
" ven, in its waſte of bountie, did beſtowe upon his heade
" a liberal covering of haire, but he hath diſplaced it
" even to the nodde of his necke, that none of it might
" ſtand i' the way of his political exaltation!"

Page 4.—Genuine.

CCXCI.—Countess of B—kl—y.

——— " Is it not paſſing ſtrange,
" That from the teeming braine of one demure,
" A progenie ſo great ſhould iſſue forth
" To claim pre-eminence?—How 'twas contrived
" In luſtful privitie to gender thus,
" And procreate,—mankind do marvel much!
" But mark forſooth—the bluſh of ſhame gone out
" In the faire face of an aſtoniſhed worlde,
" Her little darklings ſhe doth now array,
" Rich in the trappings of their father's houſe,
" To try how ſuch uſurpings will befitte
" The dormant pride of *Tudor*'s outcaſt race!"

Page 36.—Genuine.

SEVENTY-SECOND DAY's TRIAL.

CCXCII.—Bishop of W—ch—r.

——— " Nay, nay, goode brother *Abbotte*—by the " maſſe; but we are all of the *Church Militant*,—and there- " fore bound by the *cannon*, to fighte, as well as praie! " I am not for letting our common clothe go forth to " wage our battles of defence, and not budge a ſingle " inch ourſelves, although we piouſlie commend the *Lord* " *of Hoſtes* to war upon their ſide:—Do ye all as beſt be- " likes your reverend phantaſies—but, for mine own part, " I'll not be knocked o' the head, like a lewd goate " kneelinglie—that's poz!!"

Page 33.—*Not* Genuine.

CCXCIII.—Lady E. E. Fitzg——ld.

" Come, *Geraldine*, 'tis meet we hie to *Courte*,
" And there our virgin fealtie diſplaye.
" What 'though a ſhoote hath wildlie took its courſe,
" And from the ſtem it has diſgraced, been torn;—
" A pair of hartes they ſhall in us behold
" Chaſte in their *loyaltie*, as in their *love!*"

Page 6.—Genuine.

CCXCIV.—Lord M—nto.

" About *apoſtacie* go tell the windes!—
" To the State's vantage, rightlie held ſupreme,
" All earthlie *peccadilloes* muſt give way.—
" Have I not crowne, and glittering ſceptre gained,
" To chafe thoſe temples which, in ſoothe I found
" Moſt heavilie en-diadem'd before?
" While on mine own obedient heade I placed
" Nought but a feathered cappe, with prettie belles,
" On which man's *vanitie* may one day ring
" Its own dumb peale of courtlie triumph!"

Page 7.—Genuine.

CCXCV.—Lady Con—gh—m.

" A monied ſcrivener was her thriftie ſire,
" Whoſe dame did luſtilie repaie him back
" Full compounde intereſt of wedded love!
" Hence doth *Alberta* all her ſexe o'ertoppe
" In ſtatured height, as well as peerleſſe charmes,
" Boaſting no ſource from that puiſſante bloode,
" Which, with a ſcurvied arrogancie taintes
" Some of the proudeſt ſkinnes within our iſle!"

Page 66.—Genuine.

SEVENTY-THIRD DAY's TRIAL.

CCXCVI.—Rev. Dr. [*Anti-Sejanus*] Sc—t.

——— "If your holie Soothſayers, are with their "grey haires, to be reviſitted by the politique ſinnes "of their youthe, then will annointed men be placed in "purgatorie everlaſting!—But t'other Sabbathe, when I "was propounding paſſive obedience to the goode houſe-"wives of that piſcatorie towne called *Scarborough*, came "there a Capittaine of a militarie cohort, who did drawe "from me my faire congregation by the ſound of trum-"pette, blown at the very doore of the tabernacle!—I did "appeale me to my countrie's lawes for this offence againſt "the ſtatutes divine; when the Jurors for our Sov'rain "Lorde the King, in lack of reverence for the Churche, "awarded me but a cracked teaſter for ſo abominable a "waſte of reputation *clericual!*"

Page 77.—*Not* Genuine.

CCXCVII.—Lady L—ghb——gh.

——— " Remember, Sirs,
" 'Tis not a wordie warfare you've to wage,
" Nor, by the varying flippancie of tongue
" To victorie muſt you aſpire!—Behold,
" And on the ſpottleſſe bannerette record
" Deedes worthie of faire *Science*, and her ſonnes!
" It hathe been hallowed at the altar's baſe,
" And from my feeble handes, in pureſt faithe,
" Now doth it emulouſlie paſſe to your's,
" That all which woman's loyaltie can hope
" By manlie fortitude may be atchiev'd!

Page 78.—Genuine.

CCXCVIII.—Lady Edward Fitzg——ld.

" Why muſt my wayward deſtinie be writ
" In hideous ſcrolls by goutes of kindred bloode!—
" Scarce had I worn the enſanguined horrors out
" Of a reputed Sire's too rutheful fate,
" Than the laſt threade of life was torn in twain,
" By fond affection given as a ſtaye,
" On which one hope might perilouſlie hang!"

Page 88.—Genuine.

CCXCIX.—Mr. Henry Ad—ngt—n.

—"Since I am reputed *Wit-cracker* to the *Prime* Ruler "o' the realm, he muſt right honourablie let me pouch a "little o' the State-kernel, elſe ſhall I make the beardes "of his Courtiers wagge, to the miſerable tune of mine "own improvidence!"

Page 33.—Genuine.

END OF VOL. III.